**Expressional Fictional Story:**

**What am I?**

When I was born, like everyone here, I was born for a purpose. I had a reason to live and become a useful part of society. I may look like someone you’ve seen before, but I am unique and don’t tell me otherwise. I have my own story and I have my own experience which is different everyone else. But what we all have do have one thing in common, we have been left behind. We have been left here because we are no long believed to be useful. What am I? I am wheel at a dump site, what did you think I was?

I am simply a rubber wheel, but there are many people out there in the real world that is having the same experience. The difference between me and my friends here is that, our story is fictional. There are people in the real world out there experiencing and feeling the way we do now. So before you make a judgment or leave a person behind. Try to get into their shoes and understand what they are feeling based on your actions. Don’t let other make the judgment for you.

*Reason (extension to my story): I was born with the purpose of becoming a wheel on a car. I contribute in everyday society as a part of a tool. I go on car, van, trunks and practically any vehicle. Yes, I look similar to the wheel next to me, but we have a variety of differences. First of all, we are of different brand, we have different sizes and we have all took a different journey to get here. Although we don’t agree with society, but we have all been left behind and replace by the next best wheel. But we here believe that we can be part of the society in different ways. I could be a tire swing on a tree. I could be a prop on the next kid’s adventure. I could be anything, as long as you give it a bit of imagination.*